

zler.—*San Franciscoan*.















# THE DALLAS SIGNAL.

By W. W. Price.

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NO. 4.

**Chimes.**  
Far from the fern and moss,  
Fluttering thick and viewless cross,  
And the pine's low murmuring,  
Where the frightened lilies cling  
To the overhanging edge  
Of the precipitous ledge,  
Fearless in their dainty gleam,  
Wave the hellebore merry.  
From the dusky rafter hung,  
Nearer in Belgian balmy swung  
Bells more exquisitely swung  
By the mountain breeze caught—  
Tossing, swaying to and fro,  
While beside them, breathing low,  
Breathless I wait to hear  
Echo of their chiming clear.  
But the airy harmony  
Is too wonderful for me,  
And I cannot catch a strain  
Of that rare and sweet refrain,  
Yet the tiny bells still ring,  
And they shall my greeting bring  
Thy though near so softly stirred,  
Every trembling note is heard.  
—Marion B. Allen in the Cottage Hearth.

## A CASE OF BRIBERY.

BY LUKE SHARP.

In the centre companion way of most Atlantic steamers there is framed a public office which attracts a good deal of attention from the passengers on the way over. It is published by the British Government, and is to the effect that any person offering a bribe to one of Her Majesty's customs officials will be heavily fined. The amount of this fine is mentioned, either £10 or £100 or something of that sort. The contemplation of this notice for nine or ten days every time a person goes up the centre companionway is calculated to give that person a very great respect for the unbrilliant of the Liverpool customs officers. The American Government has no such notices posted up anywhere that I ever saw. Whether it is because it is so well known that the American customs officers never under any circumstances accept a bribe, or whether the government fears that the public would regard the posting of a notice as a joke, I have not been able to ascertain.

I have never met anyone yet who would bribe a Liverpool customs officer. The penalty which has been set for such a crime during the voyage is apt to discourage all such attempts. However, there are few things which a person could take into England on which duty is exacted. I believe the customs officers have a prejudice against dynamite, against pilot pens of the best kind, against tobacco and some things of that sort, but as a general thing, the American traveler carries nothing with him on which duty could be charged.

Our big steamship reached Liverpool late one evening last summer. The customs officers panned us all up in the second room of a building on the landing. How there was a good deal of fuss and shoving through a passage way that was very narrow, and the hand baggage was examined as we passed out. This was a very slow and tedious arrangement, and it was nearly 11 o'clock at night before we were through with it, and even at that time the trunk had not been looked for. We were then passed up into a room which we reached by a long incline. On climbing up this incline we entered a large building seemingly containing only one immense room. It was well lighted, and the scene was one which one looked upon with great interest. It was a room in which a good deal of business was done. On the right hand side were piled trunks, bags, valises, hand satchels and baggage of every description. On the left ran a long, low counter on which trunks were being examined by the uniformed custom house officers, while, leaning over their open baggage were the owners, generally talking rapidly to the importunate officer. All over the room were some 100 excited passengers running wildly hither and thither trying to collect their baggage. Trunks that were marked with names were arranged in alphabetical order. The sections of the building were lettered with the alphabet, and large and conspicuous along the right hand side, but, as the great majority of the trunks had no name, the owners had to run about in quest of them. Porters were there with their short jackets and numbered caps, dragging the trunks about and pressing any belongings into a satchel that can be carried by hand if necessary, my troubles were over, and so I strolled along with comparative indifference, enjoying the strange and bustling appearance of the place. I was able to give some assistance here and there to companions of

the voyage, and rather put on airs as being an old traveler with some experience of that sort of thing, don't you know, and plumed myself on having my baggage examined long ago.

At the further end of the room were a couple of ladies who were travelling alone. One of them had a large trunk, and the trunk had a new-fangled lock, the latest of American patent. A customs officer was vainly trying to unlock this trunk, and the owner was looking on with much concern at his ineffectual attempts. She had tried herself, it seemed, and had been unable to open it.

"You are not doing it rightly," said the second young lady. "You have to push this clasp that way, then turn the key half way around, push the clasp back and give the key another turn and then it will unlock."

The officer looked up, smiled and shook his jaded finger, and said:

"I let me try the unlocking."

"Follow the directions as well as I could and nearly broke my fingers, but the key wouldn't turn. I am afraid the magic words I said were not the 'open sesame' that was required."

"Am very sorry, ladies," said the officer, "but I shall have to break the lock."

The ladies were very sorry too, but they made no objection and the officer unlocked and returned with a hatchet. This he placed under the choctaw catch and tried to pry it open. But the lock was built very strongly and it wouldn't give way. The hatchet slipped and the officer cut his finger.

"Can't you stretch the law a little," said I, "and let that trunk pass. The ladies are not going to stay in England, but are going directly to France. I am sure you would find nothing dutiable in the trunk or they would have made some objection to your breaking the lock."

It was now after 12 o'clock. Most of the people had claimed their baggage, and it examined and departed for their hotels.

"Well," said the officer, "I ought not to do this, you know, but I will chance it, and with that he put on the requisite mask that would enable it to pass out. The owner was very grateful indeed, and while he was stamping the trunk she said to me:

"I would like very much to give him something. How much do you think I should offer him?"

"Well," I replied, "a general thing in England it's safe enough to give a tip where a service is done, but the penalty here seems to be very high. I don't think I would risk it. Yet I don't suppose he would object to a shilling if it could be given him so that no one could see it."

"I will give him half a crown," she said, "if he will take it."

"All right," I cautioned, "but don't do it very publicly."

The lady approached and said in her kindest voice:

"I am very sorry you have hurt your finger."

"Oh," said the officer, "it don't matter in the least, I assure you; a mere scratch."

"Well, I am very much obliged, indeed," she whispered, "I hope you will let me give you this, not as a compensation, you know."

"A miss," he returned, smiling and bowing very low to her, "glad to have been of any service to you, but really, we are not allowed to take anything; it is against the rules, and he waved his hands up and down as he said this."

"But," persisted the lady, "it is only a very little, and don't at all come under the head of a bribe."

"I assure you, miss," he said, "you are not indebted to me for anything, and as I said before, I am only too happy to have been of any service. You see, miss," he said, as we walked away after the porter who had shouldered the trunk, "officers of the customs are never allowed to take anything, no matter how small, under any circumstances whatever."

And with this he bowed very low to us, and I walked with the ladies out to their carriage.

"Well," said I, "it is refreshing to see a customs officer that will not take a bribe!"

The young lady laughed merrily.

"I am glad to hear you say so," she said, "for I know now we did it very cleverly."

"Why, you don't mean to say that you gave him the money?"

She held up her hands. They were empty.

"I slipped half a crown into his hand the first time I spoke to him, and he concealed it with a deftness that convinced me he had done the like before."

"Then you urged him to take it after he had it in his hand, and he refused it with such a Chesterfieldian air while he was really in possession of it?"

"Exactly," she said. "Wasn't it neatly done on both sides?"

"Neatly done! Well, I should say so. But what a pair of hypocrites both of you are!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

## The Basques.

The Basques are a peculiar race who from the earliest times have inhabited both slopes of the Pyrenees Mountains. They have a population of about 800,000, somewhat less than a fourth of this number living on the French side of the mountains and the others on the Spanish side. But though their country has been, through the ages, nominally under the control of more than one foreign power, no domination of Carthaginian, Gothic, Saxon, French or Spanish rule, has ever really conquered this fearless people or changed in any way their peculiar characteristics. They are a robust and active race, of a darker complexion than the Spaniards. Their women are beautiful and skilled in all outdoor work. They are a simple race, but proud, impatient, light-hearted and hospitable. Their agricultural methods are rude, but they are so industrious that want is hardly known among them. They have few cities or villages, but their small dwellings are scattered over all the heights of the Pyrenees. Politically they are divided into districts, each of which chooses annually an alcade, who is both a civil and a military officer, and a member of the supreme junta, which meets every year for deliberation on matters of general interest. Their rights are protected by written constitutions granted by ancient Spanish kings. The early history of this remarkable people is unknown; they are supposed to be descendants of the early inhabitants of Spain before the country was invaded by the Celts. They are known to the Romans as the Cantabri. Their language, which is preserved among them in its pristine purity, is altogether different from the other languages of Europe.—*Inter-Ocean.*

**The Throne of Lilies.**  
This name is applied to the throne of France because of the old French National emblem—the fleur-de-lis, a species of lily. The story of its adoption is as follows: When Clovis, King of the Franks, married the Princess Clotilda, of Burgundy, in 493 A. D., she was a Christian, but the King, like the most of the Frankish nation, was a heathen. The young queen earnestly desired the conversion of her husband, but her arguments had little effect on him. However, in 496, the King, when engaged in battle with the Alemanni (Germans), at Tolbiac, near Cologne, was hard-pressed and in his necessity called upon the God of the Christians, vowing that should he obtain the victory he would himself become a Christian. The Alemanni were routed, and on Christmas day of the same year Clovis and several thousand of his soldiers were baptized. Thus far we have verifiable history, but we must regard as legendary the conclusion of the tale, that on the eve of his baptism an angel from heaven presented King Clovis with a blue banner embroidered with golden fleur-de-lis, which he was to adopt as the banner of France. Probably sweet Clotilda herself embroidered the lilies and presented—as she well might—the angel. However this may have been, from the time of Clovis to the French Revolution the Kings of France bore as their arms an indefinite number, and latterly three golden lilies on an azure field.—*Inter-Ocean.*

## Saccharine.

A curious chemical product has been recently described, which is of more than ordinary interest, as it may possibly become of technical importance as a rival to sugar. The substance was discovered by Dr. Constantine Fahlberg, and christened by him saccharine. In 1879, Dr. Fahlberg observed that when this new substance was mixed with a little starch sugar the product very closely resembled in taste ordinary cane sugar. It is extremely sweet to the taste—several hundred times sweeter than starch or cane sugar. When taken into the animal economy it does not appear to undergo any change, and, therefore, may be safely eaten. As it is not, therefore, a food of itself, it may be made to serve a useful purpose in preparing and rendering palatable foods and medicines where sugar is forbidden, as, e. g., in cases of diabetes mellitus. One or two parts of saccharine to a thousand parts of starch sugar forms a most excellent substitute for cane sugar where body and sweetness are desired, as in medicinal preparations, etc. As regards the cost of manufacture, it is expensive, but even at the present prices, a mixture of saccharine and starch sugar could be produced at a less figure than the corresponding amount of cane sugar. Such at least are the doctor's claims.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## THE CHOCTAWS.

### Something About the Indians of Indian Territory.

Their Language the Best for Oratorical Purpose in the World.

The Rev. John Edwards of Wheelock, Iowa Territory, said in the course of a recent interview with an Indianapolis reporter:

"The Choctaw is a fine sounding tongue, declared by Walter Lowry, once a United States senator, and fully capable of judging, as being the finest language in the world for oratory. It is easy to learn enough of it for trading purposes, but to learn it thoroughly is very difficult. It has more words than most Indian tongues, the lexicon containing about 10,000. The Choctaws for over fifty years have had publications in their language. They use the Roman alphabet, with some modifications. There are twenty-two letters. They now have a regular representative form of government, and have had for many years. Their principal chief is Edmund McCurtain. This officer is elected every two years. Thomas McKinney has recently been elected his successor. The Choctaw capital is Tuskahoma. They have a general council, consisting of a senate and a house of representatives, and have county, district and supreme courts. The Choctaw nation had the prohibitory liquor law thirty years before Maine, and it was in their constitution thirty years before Kansas had it. It is enforced fairly well, particularly as the United States intercourse laws prohibit the introduction of intoxicating liquors into the territory. As to the general laws of the nation, they are not as well enforced as they might be."

"One of their young men, brother of the recently elected principal chief, graduated at Yale divinity school last spring. The fact that a white man marrying a native woman, secures the rights of a citizen in the nation is a strong inducement to many men to intermarry with the Choctaws. This, in course of time, will eliminate the Choctaw blood and bring about a solution of the Indian question so far as they are concerned. Of the five civilized tribes of the Indian territory it has been found by enumeration that 55 per cent. of them can read. The proportion of the Choctaws who can read, as compared with the other tribes, is greater than that of the latter nations, while the Choctaw who can read is fewer in number than the Choctaws. Sequoyia, or George Guess, as he was called, was a Choctaw, who invented a syllabic alphabet for his people. It contains eighty-five characters, and to read, all one needs is to mention the names of the letters. A smart Choctaw will learn to read in a few hours. Sequoyia formed a better alphabet for them than a white man could have made. The Choctaw alphabet is phonetic, and therefore learned with greater ease than English. I suppose that fully 10,000 of the Choctaws can read and understand English."

"The Choctaws live almost wholly by agriculture. They are all farmers and generally poor farmers, though some of them are quite good. A few are large farmers. There is an erroneous impression concerning Indian territory. The land is not good, as many suppose, very fertile. The best of the land is waste land, there is a great deal of poor land. There is a considerable admixture of white blood with the Indian race, and it is constantly increasing. The Choctaws are held in common, and a white man, by intermarriage, gets Choctaw citizenship and equal rights in land, holding them just as he does not marry a white woman. The native population of the nation is between 13,000 and 14,000. They have two boarding schools, each with one hundred pupils—de at Spencer for boys and one at New Hope for girls. They have an orphan school at Wheelock for boys. He has fifty pupils. Wheelock school for girls at Wheelock has fifty pupils. They are paying much attention to education. There is a provision for neighborhood schools that wherever there are ten pupils school may be established, the teacher to be paid \$3 a month for each pupil. The law makes attendance of children at school compulsory, parents being fined for not sending their children."

"The Choctaws are generally quiet and order, except when under the influence of liquor. There have been a great number of crimes since the war, owing to feds originating them. They wear citizen's dress, and only in color would be distinguished from white people. They longer wear moccasins or hunting shirts. Since I have been back, I have not seen more than half a dozen

hunting shirts. The old shawl head-dresses, once so popular among them, have been given up. There are no blanket Indians among them. Their dwellings are mostly log cabins; a few have very good dwellings. Scarcely any of them now pretend to make a living by hunting."

## Spires.

The tall spire, conveying to the mind an idea of immeasurable height, and seeming to fade away in a point, is, perhaps, the most perfectly beautiful external feature of the pointed or Christian styles of architecture to which it properly belongs. In all ages and countries there has been an apparent tendency to carry buildings to as great a height as possible, and hence have originated the various architectural forms of pyramids and obelisks, towers in endless variety, domes of various shapes—classical, Byzantine and Saracenic—the minarets of the east and tall monumental pillars; but the spire, obvious as its form seems in its pure simplicity, was unknown in architecture until the end of the 11th century. There have been many discussions, somewhat unprofitable, though interesting, as to the source whence the mediaeval builders drew their first ideas of the pointed arch and spire, and general opinion has apparently settled to the effect that the pointed arch was simultaneously suggested to the various nations of Europe by the sight of the Saracenic arch during the crusades. If this were really so, it must be added that the Christian builders improved so vastly upon any hints they may have received from the east that all traces of such origin rapidly disappeared. The spire, however, is a purely self-evolved feature, which originated in the general tendency of pointed architecture, completely independent of external hints or examples. Among other suppositions it has been said that the form of the spire might have been suggested by the pyramids or obelisks of Egypt; but there are so many points of dissimilarity between these objects and the true spire that it is extremely unlikely.—*American Architect.*

## A Spanish Plow.

The latest novelty in plows is at present being used in Spain. It works the land to a depth of 30 inches, and turns a furrow 2 feet wide. It is drawn by two 16 horse-power engines. The instrument is constructed on the patent balanced power principle, but of very strong proportions. It is a one furrow plow, but fitted with two skifs, the first turning a furrow 16 inches wide and 14 inches deep, the second following to a depth of 30 inches and turning over a furrow 2 inches wide, leaving the land completely level to a depth of 3 feet 6 inches. Drawn by three engines, the account in a foreign exchange says it is possible with this plow to turn over four acres per day. In cases where it is not necessary to turn up the land to its great depth, but simply to stir up the under-soil, all that is required is to take off the skifs and in its place fix a subsoil turner, which will go to the depth of 24 or 30 inches.

## Balls That Hit in Battle.

The question has often been raised whether the reputation of balls exchanged by hostile armies will hit their mark and kill. Difficult as it is to solve this question, some approximate result may be arrived at from the number of balls—estimated at 20,000,000—which were fired by the Germans in the war of 1870-71. The French army lost, in dead and wounded, about 140,000 men. According to his man, and assuming that on an average only 1 man out of 7 hit was actually killed, it would seem that only one rifle ball in 898 proved fatal. If it is further considered that the number of men wounded and killed by the guns of the artillery are included in the above estimate, it may safely be said that not one rifle ball in 1,000 fired proves to be fatal.

## A Farmer's Tools in India.

In India a farmer's tools are of the simplest kind. The plow is a triangular piece of board, 18 inches long and six inches wide at the base, and simply roots the ground. The yoke for the bullocks is a straight stick and is attached to the beam of the plow by a green cord. The cattle are the Brahmini species—white, slender bodied, long-legged and very lean. The only food of the cattle for months is "choos," which is the wheat straw and chaff from the threshing floor. They cost about \$1 to \$4 per pair, and the plow cost \$1. The land is plowed at least ten times, and frequently thirty. The harrow is a log or slab of wood 6 to 8 feet long, drawn sideways across the fields to scratch the lumps.

## Our Ship at Sea.

Dear heart, we two have walked  
For many a weary year  
The ship we launched at sea,  
Freighted with hope for you and me,  
And carrying never a fear.

We watched them sail away,  
As we stood on the shore,  
And sweetly we did dream,  
With true love for our theme,  
When their voyage should be o'er.

We said, "When they return to us,  
Or the ocean's briny foam,  
We'll build a kingdom heavenly fair,  
With love and faith dwelling there—  
We'll call our kingdom home."

Love was wrecked on an angry shore,  
On the rocks of worldly gain,  
And oh! the saddest sight to me,  
Faith was lost in a dismal sea.  
Of slender, doubt and pain.

Yet over the dark and angry waves,  
Hangs the love of promise true,  
It tells of that bright and better land,  
With love and faith, an unbroken band,  
Up there, dear heart, you know.

## HUMOROUS.

Goes against the grain.—The reaper. A bank cashier seldom goes off until he is loaded, and then he makes no report.

Little ones often wear clothing in peculiar places. A cuff on the ear is frequent.

Chicago women never argue. They put their foot down, and that covers the whole ground.

Alpine glaciers move at the rate of four inches a year. It is suspected they don't advertise.

Bees can predict the weather. Combine a bee and a small boy and they can produce assualt.

His serenade ran: "How can I love thee?" The big dog came around and showed him how.

When a woman gives her husband a piece of her mind he never stays to get the remainder.

"I don't see the point, but I realize its force," said the man when he hesitated on the back of his neck.

It is not every guest at a hotel who dips the water, but nearly all of them give him a turning over.

A man who advertised for a permanent position, where salary was no object, was advised to try the cemetery.

A new game of cards is called "matrimony." If the man wins, he takes the girl; if the girl wins she takes the man.

The difference between two great political parties is easily explained to foreigners, one gets the offices the other gets left.

He stood under the window and sang "How Can I Leave Thee." But he did leave, and so suddenly that the dog went back of the house and wept.

The discovery of a scarlet snake is reported by an Ontario paper. The man who discovered it had in all probability been painting the town red.

Teacher (to a class in chemistry)—What does sea water contain besides the sodium chloride that we have mentioned? Gubbin' youngster—Fish, sir.

Teacher—"Can any boy tell me at what time the sun rises now?" Small boy (shrill and prompt)—"Just the minute father calls, down at our house."

Lady to small boy—"Then you never had educational advantages?" "No, mum not that I know of. I've had sixty apes, if what you said is worse nor that, I don't wanter catch it."

"Mary, I wish you would be a better little girl," said a father we went of to his little girl. "You have no idea how sorry I am that mamma has to scold you so much." "Oh, don't worry about it, papa," was the reply; "I'm not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."

## Missionary Life in Burma.

My brother has hired four Kohlen men to watch the place nights (sleeping and cooking on the compound daytimes), and Mr. Rose gave two of them spears. Mrs. D. and I have our revolvers, and we keep them close by, you may be sure. Mine is under my head ready loaded at night, and we all lay out our guns, etc., when we retire, ready for flight. This morning when we went to Sunday school, I left my revolver for Miss Stark—such a pity she has none—and my brother took his with him! It was funny to have the superintendent give out "Come ye sinners," and reflect that he had a loaded revolver in his pocket ready for them. If we couldn't do something to laugh at I don't know what would become of us; the constant feeling of danger threatened, of uncertainty as to the future, takes the heart out of everything, and combined with the heat—100 degrees—in the forenoon, makes systematic work almost impossible.—*Helping Hand.*







## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### For Clerk Superior Court.

We are authorized to announce the name of ISAAC C. HEAD for the office of Clerk of Court. He solicits the support of his many friends.

### For Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce the name of M. H. STANTON for the office of Tax Collector of Lumpkin county. He asks the support of his friends and the voters of the county.

### Local Chirpings.

—A small lot of calf skin boots at Moore & Williams, for \$2.00; regular price \$3.50.

—N. A. Fricks, of the class of '83 was married last week at Martin, Ga., to Miss F. Randall, of that place.

—We are glad to announce that Mrs. C. A. Bessor is with her friends and relatives in Gadsden, Ala., and is rapidly improving.

—New goods and new prices at Moore & Williams. Don't fail to come when you want good goods at low prices.

—Now is the time to plant shade trees along the sidewalks. They will add wonderfully to the appearance of the streets in a few years.

—Miss Nettie Wright, one of the handsome and winsome brunettes of Gainesville, is visiting the family of Capt. Allen at the Burnside Hotel.

—We are sorry to learn of the illness of Mrs. Mollie Huff, wife of Mr. H. H. Huff. We hope to soon be able to chronicle her speedy recovery.

—Senator Courtenay is chairman of the committee on Mines and Mining of the Senate. This is one of the most important committees of the Senate.

—The first Saturday in December the municipal election will come off. The ticket nominated at the convention on will have no opposition so far as known.

—James Thompson, of Hall county, visited his brother-in-law, Dr. J. W. Carledge, last week. Al. James L. Carson, of Bold Springs, Franklin county, visited the Doctor last week.

—The rush of business at the firm of Moore & Williams has caused them to offer reduced prices in all their stock. If you fail to give them a call you will undoubtedly lose a bargain.

—You will secure bargains by calling on Moore & Williams at the Sitten corner.

—The Saine murderers are unable to give bond, and will be confined in jail until their trial. Owing to the evidence being purely circumstantial, Judge Estes ordered that they be released in a bond of \$1,000 each, but they have failed to give the bond.

—Highest market prices paid for country produce in exchange for goods at Moore & Williams.

—The wet season makes our sidewalks very sloshy and muddy. More macadamizing would soon make them in good condition. The crossings on the streets should by all means be macadamized, as it improves the looks of them, and also renders them in a traveling condition.

—Capt. R. B. King, one of the best mining men that ever lived here left Monday morning for Denver, Colorado, where his family are now living. Capt. King was always ready to promote the mining industry of this county. He will again enter into its charms in Colorado.

—Almost daily the subscription list of the SIGNAL swells a few names larger, and we have decided to make this liberal offer, so as to add more to its increasing list. We will send the SIGNAL to any address from now until the year 1888 for one dollar cash in advance. This is the most liberal offer yet made, and we ask as a favor of our patrons that they inform their friends of this, so that they will have no excuse for being "behind the times."

## Mining News.

—Thanksgiving services were held in all the churches yesterday. The Editor enjoyed a splendid dinner at the Burnside Hotel by invitation from Capt. Allen.

—Rev. John M. Dowdy and Mrs. Sallie Gaddis were married on Tuesday. Mr. Dowdy is 80 years old, and his bride is 45. Married life has its charms even to the more aged.

### A Lumpkin County Lady's Marriage.

[From Sunday's Atlanta Constitution.] Mr. John Cooper, Jr., of Macon, was married to Miss Janie I. Farrow, youngest daughter of Hon. H. P. Farrow, at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. John A. Whitner, on Richardson street, this city, on the evening of the 17th of November. Rev. G. B. Stricker, D. D., officiated. A large number of friends were present, and the occasion was a most enjoyable one. The attendants were all beautiful young ladies—Misses Azile Simpson, Minnie Force, Mattie Whitner and Jennie Bowie. After a delightful repast the happy couple took the train for Florida on a bridal tour. Many magnificent presents were sent in, but nothing was presented which so touched the heart of the happy bride as a large bouquet of mountain flowers from the scholars of the Sunday-School which she has successfully conducted for seven years at Porter Springs.

Lumpkin county loses one of her fairest and most excellent daughters and Macon gains one.

### Something about Our County Chain Gang.

To the Editor of the Signal:

We see nothing in the last Grand Jury presentments in your paper in regard to our county chain-gang—whether it is benefiting the county or is a detriment to the county. We think the Grand Jury erred in not investigating the matter, and we see no reason why they failed to make a report on this.

Since the chain-gang was first organized we know of several convicts who have been leased out to citizens of the county. Now the question is did the labor of these convicts pay anything into the county treasury? If not what benefit is a chain-gang to the county? Then another thing: These convicts fared as well as many an honest man in this county who struggles daily for his living. What need an evil-minded man fear if he knows that he is convicted he will fare just as well as he did before he committed crime? This is an infringement upon the laws. One man recently convicted at the Superior court and supposed to be working his sentence out, is allowed almost the same privileges as that of an upright citizen. He works on the roads and does little odd jobs of an easy nature, and the county has to feed and clothe him. Only last Sunday we noticed him lounging around upon the streets enjoying the same liberty and privileges granted a free man. Is there any justice in this?

We think it just and right that this matter should be looked into.

### Tax Payer.

Canoe Creek Jottings.

MARRIED.—By Rev. W. H. McAfee, on Sunday the 14th inst., Mr. Monroe Satterfield is Miss Wehnt. Mr. Satterfield is a gentleman of about 45 summers, while Miss Wehnt is a blushing maid of only 20.

Mrs. Amanda Jones has been sick for several days, but is improving now.

Mr. Dock Marlow left a few days ago. He has gone to try Dawson county a while.

Mr. John Beck has moved to town and is living in the house with his son-in-law Col. George Sisson.

The hog cholera is still raging.

Mr. David Patton has moved back to this county.

Mr. J. J. Shad is going to teach a school at Jones chapel; will commence in about two weeks.

J. P. W. has a fine pet deer.

NEBO.

Subscribe for THE SIGNAL.

The Barlow, having a good supply of water, is on full time since our last report. The new pipe for hydraulic pressure below the mill is about completed and operation will be commenced in a short while, and we prognosticate good results from the same.

The Calhoun placers, worked by W. B. Crissom, are yielding handsomely. The work is pushed with vigor and in a practical manner. Work is carried on day and night. The Gordon tunnel will be pushed to completion at an early day.

The Ivy in now under lease to Mr. E. E. Crissom, solely, who is preparing to do some heavy placer working. He has now about completed 20 new pipe lines and will, in a few days, have his "grains" at work. The mill is not running at present.

The Lockhart is doing more tribute work than for some time past, and the yields are much better. The water supply is all that can be asked for and the tributers are putting in full time.

The Ralston presents heavy burdens of good pay material and the yields are good.

The Hand, which we visited a few days ago, is looking very promising. We were met and shown the mine by Mr. T. V. Cantrell, the gentlemanly superintendent. The night out presents an eight foot vein and pans well, and once the cut is cleared of the slides and slacks for the past several years, the mine will be one of the best paying mines in the county.

The big dam at the Victoria is about completed, and the works are doing very nicely with the exception of a broken can, which will be replaced in a short time.

The "Preacher" shaft, where the water drove the miners out some time ago, is receiving the attention of Capt. F. W. Hall, Messrs. Wallace & Howell having contracted with him for putting in a pump, which will be ready for operation in a few days, and work will be resumed in the mine. This is one of the best mines on "Fidelity Ridge."

The "small-try" mining is indulged in quite freely by some of our citizens, which enables them to provide for themselves and families.

The new discoveries in this county, and also in Cherokee, Forsyth and Hall, indicate a big mining "boom" in the near future. We invite capitalists' attention to this fact, for we have, no doubt, as good mines as are to be found in any country, and as we have often repeated, all that our mines need is good and practical management to make them equal to those of the western countries.

### A Letter from a Lumpkin County Boy in the Far West.

The following letter was received lately by one of the Professors of the College, and will interest those who are acquainted with the writer: SIRS:—KANSAS, Oct. 31st, 1886. I feel like may be you would appreciate a short letter from me. For a lack of something else I will tell you what I have been doing since I came to Kansas. When I first came I had a fair prospect of a school, but failed to get one, so that left me in a place to soon get the "blues." But I thought may be it would be best not to get too impatient all at once, so I went to school during the winter, worked on the farm during the spring, and later I attended the Co. my Normal, at Beloit. I am teaching now and have been since the first of the month. While I am not doing as well as some teachers who have had considerable experience, yet I believe I haven't any cause to grumble. I have a six months term. After my school closes in the spring, I may go to school for a few months, I would like to be in school at Duluth for about two years or three more, but I expect my school days there are over.

The country schools here are very good. Every district has as much as five months school each year, and some of them have as many as nine and ten. The average wages paid to male teachers last term was

something over thirty-nine dollars, and to female teachers a little over thirty-one dollars per month. Each district has its own director, treasurer and clerk, and as soon as a month is up you have only to get an order from the clerk and director and the treasurer then pays you off.

Professor, how is the College just now? There has been so many changes that I feared this year would be a hard one. From what I hear everything is all right, and I hope I understand it right. Yes I am anxious for the College to grow and hope how well she may do.

I will ever cherish the fondest recollections of the old College and all who were connected with it, and look back with pleasure to the time I spent there as the happiest period of my life. I hope how soon I may come back, though for a short time. Please remember me kindly to Prof. Wilson, and all my friends generally.

With my best wishes for you and yours, and every success to the College, I remain,  
Yours Very Truly,  
Rory J. Hutchinson.

Once upon a midnight dreary,  
I was tossing weak and weary,  
For I had a fit of ague,  
And my lungs were very sore.  
Suddenly I read a label,  
Of a medicine on my table,  
But to reach it I scarce was able;  
So I was awaked sore!  
I took just one dose, "SNEEZE BRAND,"  
Soudly slept I and did snore,  
Had the ague nevermore!  
25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

"You look very much excited, dear," he said, when she entered the parlor where he was waiting for her.

"Well, I should think I ought to look excited," she answered. "I've just had the most awful argument with ma." And she began to weep hysterically.

"Why, what is the matter, my darling?" he inquired, as he said an arm around her waist, and endeavored to soothe her. "What was the argument?"

"Oh! can I tell you? She said you were only trifling with me, and that you would never pop the question, and I told her she did you a great injustice, for I believed you would pop the question to-night. She said you wouldn't, and I said you would, and we had it hot and heavy. Dear George, you will not let ma triumph over me, will you?"

"Wh-ly, certainly not," answered George.

"I knew it, my darling," the dear girl exclaimed. "Come, let us go to ma and tell her how much mistaken she was!"

And they did, and ma didn't seem to be so very much broken down over the affair, after all.

A funny story is told on a gentleman of Marion county. A physician told a gentleman that he had taken worm, and he (the gentleman) proceeded in a very novel way to catch it. He procured a small fish hook, tied a short piece of line to the other end of which he tied to the button hole of his coat, and swallowed the bait. He went on to plowing, but never forgot to watch for a nibble at his hook. After awhile he thought he felt a strong pull at the line and gave a vigorous jerk. He didn't catch the worm, but firmly imbedded the hook in his throat, which was extracted with a forked stick.

We regret to chronicle the defeat of J. B. Estes is Judge of the North-eastern circuit. He made a good Judge—was progressive and reformer. His successor, C. J. Wellborn, is a good man, but he has neither the ability nor the administrative capacity of Judge Estes. The new Solicitor, Howard Thompson, will doubtless prove acceptable to the people of his circuit. We congratulate Mr. Thompson and the good citizen of the North-eastern circuit.—Franklin Register.

Tanger! A neglected cold or cough may lead to the consumption or other fatal disease. Strong's Asthmalic Plaster will cure a cold in time. Best thing for croup, whooping cough, headache, and rheumatism.

A marriage notice in an exchange over in the eastern part of the State closes as follows: "No cards, no cake, no flowers, nobody's d—n business!"

The moon has a great advantage over the ordinary tippler. When it gets full people cannot get near enough to smell its breath.

A dry goods clerk who died at Kansas City last week confessed that he had not the slightest hopes of heaven on account of the gigantic amount of lying he had indulged in for twenty years. He estimated that he had told at least three million lies in working off half wool goods for all wool.

Polite Trump—Will you oblige me with a little vinegar and a bit of rag, madam! I've bruised my heel. Lady of the House—In my sorry, but our vinegar is all out, wouldn't a little New England rum do as well? Trump—I don't know, madam, but I'll try it, and—never mind the rag.—Puck.

Mr. T. E. Legg, a young farmer near Smyrna, four years ago cultivated land that would not make six bushels of corn to the acre. He has manured and brought it up until it now makes him thirty bushels to the acre. Land that four years ago he could not get a stand of wheat on he now makes on it nearly a bale of cotton to the acre. He keeps his hogs and cows up, and it is generally conceded that they are all in good order and do well.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight cheap phosphate powders. Sold only in pure. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 Wall St. N. Y.**

**CLINGMAN'S TOBACCO REMEDIES**

THE CLINGMAN TOBACCO OINTMENT THE MOST EFFICIENT PREPARATION for the purpose for which it is used. It is a sure cure for all kinds of skin diseases, such as Eczema, Scabies, Itch, Ringworm, etc. It is also a sure cure for all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, and other pains. It is a sure cure for all kinds of hemorrhoids, and for all kinds of piles. It is a sure cure for all kinds of ulcers, and for all kinds of sores. It is a sure cure for all kinds of burns, and for all kinds of scalds. It is a sure cure for all kinds of frost-bites, and for all kinds of chilblains. It is a sure cure for all kinds of insect bites, and for all kinds of stings. It is a sure cure for all kinds of snake bites, and for all kinds of dog bites. It is a sure cure for all kinds of wounds, and for all kinds of lacerations. It is a sure cure for all kinds of abrasions, and for all kinds of scratches. It is a sure cure for all kinds of cuts, and for all kinds of tears. It is a sure cure for all kinds of bruises, and for all kinds of contusions. It is a sure cure for all kinds of sprains, and for all kinds of strains. It is a sure cure for all kinds of dislocations, and for all kinds of fractures. It is a sure cure for all kinds of bone diseases, and for all kinds of joint diseases. It is a sure cure for all kinds of muscle diseases, and for all kinds of nerve diseases. It is a sure cure for all kinds of blood diseases, and for all kinds of organ diseases. It is a sure cure for all kinds of general diseases, and for all kinds of specific diseases. It is a sure cure for all kinds of chronic diseases, and for all kinds of acute diseases. It is a sure cure for all kinds of hereditary diseases, and for all kinds of acquired diseases. It is a sure cure for all kinds of mental diseases, and for all kinds of physical diseases. It is a sure cure for all kinds of diseases, and for all kinds of ailments. 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It is a sure cure for all kinds of realities, and for all kinds of illusions. It is a sure cure for all kinds of truths







## NO. 5.

the births, marriages, and deaths recorded. He says he has seen of these "old cheeses" that date to 1880.







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